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Summary: Camilla is Pennywise's human vessel. He cherishes and protects her with future hopes of her becoming his mate. As she channels her way through high school, Camilla must watch out for the Losers Club who wants to take down her demonic guardian as well as dealing with a certain gang of bullies who want nothing more than to wreck havoc on everyone. (RatedM for smut and gore/horror)

1. Chapter 1

1

Derry was hot this time of year. As I sun bathed at the lake, I merely thought about how this school year was going to turn out. It would be my second year. 10th grade. Soph-o-more. I inhaled in silence wondering what I was going to wear. I heard light bubbling coming from the water and I lifted my head a bit watching as a shade of red suddenly darted from the water, a white, screaming form, running at me. Its head shaking and its body vibrating wildly as it rushed me. The rocks were kicking up everywhere as he ran upon land and I sat up only to be hit in the forehead.

"Ow!" I screamed and now the tall creature stopped above me and I frowned grabbing a rock. "You jerk, you hit me!" I threw the rock at him now and he recoiled with a mild yelp of his own.

"Ow!" he imitated me and now began to smile wide, rows of sharp teeth appearing. "Awww lighten up little buttercup. I was only trying to scare you." He slithered behind me and I just frowned more feeling him sit behind me. I feel his white seemingly gloved hand grip my chin and turn me to face him. He examines my forehead, gold eyes, look calm and almost human. He's full.

"Darn. Didn't draw blood." he pouted and slithered back in front of me now.

"Oh wow thanks for the concern." I said and he shrugged and pulled something out from behind him and immediately he began to munch on it. Blood dripped onto the rocks between us. I stood up now in shock.

"What is that?" I asked and he twisted his body up twice before turning a third time to hide what he had. "What are you eating?" He gave a guttural and sinister growl in reply but I kept my hands on my hips.

"Pennywise the dancing clown... what are you eating?" I asked firmly and he glanced behind himself before showing me slowly. In his

hand, from elbow down, was a small child's arm. I frowned with disapproval and looked up at him. He was still chewing on what was in his mouth when he looked at me innocently.

"What?" he asked. I sighed and shook my head. I was used to him showing up usually knowing on something like a dog. His victim, I hoped he or she didn't suffer.

"Nothing. There's no point. I have to go, school starts tomorrow, and I need to get home before my dad worries about me." I said turning from him. Pennywise's entire body flattened almost in sadness which I could tell he wasn't what he was really feeling. He was a monster he couldn't feel.

"Leaving so soon?" he asked suddenly gliding before me. I looked up at him and nodded.

"Yes." I said. He tucked the hand away.

"But I just got here. I do have a reason for visiting my little survivor." he said wickedly moving closer to me now. He smelled like popcorn, buttery popcorn. I couldn't tell if he was using this scent because he needed it to lure a child or for the fact I liked popcorn.

"Okay then. Why has my demonic guardian angel come to speak to me?" I asked. He grinned wide again, this time his buck teeth taking place.

"I want more children. I want you to bring them to me." he said. I tilted my head.

"Why? You have been doing a pretty good job hunting on your own... actually you have always been good at hunting on your own." I said walking around him. Now I felt long arms twirl around my body from shoulders to my ankles. I stared off into the forest with annoyance.

"I know, but this will be a good bonding experience... for the both of us. We did make a deal remember?" he purred in my ear.

"Yes but only because I wasn't afraid of you as a child, I loved clowns, but I wasn't stupid enough to let you lure me." I said.

"Oh but you were. When you shook my hand and signed your life to me: Be my human vessel in this world, our spirits linked, so I may hunt longer with less sleep feeding on the fear of others, and in return, I take the life of your mother and with promises you will never be harmed, and when you grow older, you will become my mate and feast with me and together, we will be stronger than any creature imaginable. That is my gift to you. You have to learn some time." His words wrapped around my brain and during my younger days, I didn't know what I was getting into.

"In a way you tricked me and got you what you want." I said.

"But you're still alive." he added and I just looked down some.

"Maybe when I am older and more mature." I said he sneered.

"You said this when you were smaller. You are bigger now." he said squeezing me to his chest now. I nodded looking at more intently.

"You don't understand human development." I said. He now unraveled himself from me and spun before me placing his finger under his chin and looking up.

"Yes I do. You start out as a kid then you become an adult. Right now you are in the second stage of growth before being an adult but after being a tasty child." he said with excitement. I stared at him for a moment before looking away.

"I am not ready." I said and he pouted and huffed.

"How long must I wait?" he snapped some. I smirked and raised my hand to meet his cheek. He recoiled almost, but when he saw where my hand was going, he moved into my touch. I used to be cautious of having close contact with him, this demon that destroyed lives, but now his existence is second nature to me.

"I am only sixteen. Let me have some fun before I dedicate my life to you." I said and he smiled wide now.

"Fun? You want to know fun? I'll show you fun." he said before crouching and jumping high into the air doing a back flip into the water before disappearing yet again. I inhaled some and turned and

moved back into the forest. He was going to kill again, and when he did, it would be brutal...

Monday Morning

"Camilla! Camilla, I hope you are dressed, the bus will be here any minute to pick you up for school!" I hear my dad shouting from down stairs. I stared at myself in the mirror for a moment. Mocha skin shined beneath the light of my bathroom. Long wavy hair as black as the night. Hazel eyes that has managed to capture the purest of evils. I hear the music of a jack-in-the- box playing and I glance at the closet for a second hearing an ecstatic giggle.

"Have fuuuun at school Milla." he growled some. I smiled gently wondering what trouble I would get into today.

"Thanks Penny. I'll come see you after school." I said. It was silent for a moment before I heard joyous clapping. I left my room wearing a navy-blue dress that buttoned up in the front and some black stockings and boots. I moved into the kitchen and saw my dad looking at me from over his newspaper.

"You're not wearing that to school, are you?" he asked. I nodded.

"Yes." I said lowly glancing at him and he sighed placing the newspaper down.

"My darling daughter, you must be aware of what you wear and how you present yourself. Another kid has already gone missing." he said holding up his newspaper revealing the face of a white brunette-haired boy. The headline below him read: Missing Georgie Denbrough. I didn't know him, but I watched him from across the street as Pennywise dragged him into the darkness, giving me a wink before disappearing. I nodded.

"Of course, Dad." I said gently and he got up moving over to me placing his hands on my shoulders. He's a large man, been working out since before I was born. He easily got a construction job when he and my mom moved here years ago.

"I just want you to be careful, always remain aware of your

surroundings." he said. Next to Pennywise, my dad is my life. I hugged him and he wrapped his arms around me, already his large arms squeezed the breath out of me.

"You gonna eat here or at school?" he asked.

"School." I said and he nodded digging into his pocket.

"Then here's some money for breakfast and lunch." he said giving me two twenty-dollar bills. I smiled up at him and nodded.

"Thank you." I said into his chest before hearing the bus pull up and honk a few times.

"Go on now." he said and I nodded and turned and left from the kitchen, "and stay away from that Hockstetter boy! He and his knuckle head friends keep comin' round here!"

"Yes sir!" I called out with a smirk. Patrick Hockstetter and his group of friends were the school bullies, ones I hoped to taint in ways of my own. I left the house and saw the bus. I smirked and got on the rowdy bus. Some of the girls sneered and glared, while a few others smiled and waved. Some of the boys stared and whispered to their friends about me. I sat in the back and just felt the bus move. I saw a storm drain coming into view and as I passed it, I could have sworn I saw a pair of gold eyes looking directly at me.

2. Chapter 2

2

I used to feel guilty about signing my mom's death warrant. I remember her smiling face, when she was happy. Then she got caught up in drugs and destroyed my father. He didn't deserve the betrayal. Meeting the clown was by far the best thing that had happened to me.

I got off the bus and combed my fingers through my hair. The school was busy as usual filled with kids. As I looked into their faces, the faces of strangers, I wondered who would be next. I moved inside and was immediately met with children talking and chatting their lives away. I moved over to my locker and just twisted my combination in. Immediately, Greta's face was in my peripheral.

"Well someone's dressing up today. Who are you trying to impress?" she asked with a smirk and I smirked and looked at her shrugging.

"Myself. Dress scream confidence." I said and she gave me a look as if she didn't believe me. With her hand she stroked the top of my leg.

"Oh yeah with stockings huh?" she teased and I squealed pushing her hand away and laughing.

"Yes with panty hose." I corrected looking her over. "Love those overalls." She giggled.

"Thanks. My dad bought them last week. He spoils me." she said. It was a known fact that Greta was a bully like a few others in this school. But I think the only reason why she didn't mess with me was because both our moms were dead leaving us with dads who would never know our minds like another girl would. Sally, a freshman friend of Greta, walked up to her.

"Hey Greta, found Beaverly." she said, her tone already taunting. Greta smirked at me.

"Gotta go." she said and turned from me.

"Greta, come on leave her. We were supposed to have breakfast and talk about boys." I reminded and she nodded with a smirk.

"And we will. But first I gotta remind a slut that spreading your legs for the entire boy's football team makes you trash." she said before storming off down the hall. I just shook my head and turned back to my locker. I grabbed my back pack and a few of my books shoving them in the bag and closing my locker.

"Whooo look who is looking fine." I hear Ramsay say as he and his gang of Rastafarian boys walk past me.

"Yeah yeah keep staring." I said in his direction. All the sisters loved them some Ramsay. Tall, skinny boy with caramel skin and green eyes. Long locks that made him stand out and be different. Had it just been him he'd be such an outcast, but with his band of brothers, they ruled their small neighborhood of portion of Derry. I made my down the hall listening to everyone chit chatting. I used to be disappointed in myself that I didn't make real friends like I had liked last year, but then again, it was probably for the best. Everyone in my world is just another meal for my guardian. I couldn't get close to anyone without somehow them going missing the next day. Pennywise would just think I was being friends with someone only to lure them to him. He just didn't understand friendships. I began to pass a familiar gang of boys.

Henry Bowers, a hateful little racist with daddy issues, Belch Huggins my little pork star, Patrick Hockstetter the cutest of them all, and Vic Criss, a quiet blonde who I wish to one day taint. I wasn't in denial, I had always dreamed of one day being desired by many. Hell what 16-year-old didn't? But with Pennywise leading my life, guiding me through the realities of death, I knew my desires would be on a darker side. Maybe I am just as bad as the creature who looms in my shadow. As I passed the four boys, Henry gave his usual glare and rolled his eyes, Belch and Vic smirked at me as I passed, and Patrick grinning with hidden intentions biting his lip with excitement.

"Yeah that's right boys. Keep staring." I said. I was in my first period class, geometry, on the third floor of the school. I sat to the far end close to the windows where I could look out if I truly wanted to. I looked out the window, my ears not taking in any information from

my teacher, Ms. Elm. However, I did see a red balloon floating across the grass beside the bus lanes. I tilted my head. What was that clown up to now? I looked ahead and knew up the street there was a daycare. As much as Pennywise liked the fear of children, babies could not be tainted just yet. Their fear meant little to him as it tasted bland and was hardly fulfilling. After that came gym. I lied on my back at the top of the bleachers staring up at the ceiling while Greta talked and prattled with Sally and Marcia. They were talking about boys and who they thought were the cute. Somehow the conversation led to sex.

"Camilla, you listening?" Greta asked.

"I am, Greta." I replied lazily and she smirked crossing her legs, her gym shorts a little too short.

"So who would you let screw you in this school?" she asked and I smiled looking at her.

"What makes you think I'd let someone screw me?" I asked holding my hands up in front of my pelvis and slowly thrusting my hips.

"Maybe I would be the one doing the screwing." I said causing all their eyes to widen before they let out loud ewes before it transitioned into laughter. I laughed too before suddenly they all gasped. I could hardly process why they did that before giving a mild oomph as Patrick's weight bore down on mine. He smirked.

"Wow moving like that, Camilla, that's not very lady like." he purred leaning over me, his silky brunette air falling over us.

"Yeah sitting directly on my pelvis isn't what a strapping young man should be doing either." I countered and he gave a goofy smile.

"Something tells me you like being bottom." he said. I arched a brow, my eyes already warning him, but he didn't seem to care as he leaned back up looking at Greta and the others whose faces were redder than an apple. "So tell me who's still a virgin?"

"That's none of your business, Patrick." Greta stated snobbishly and Patrick faked a pout. We heard heavy footsteps coming up the

bleachers only to see Henry leading the other two up the stairs.

"Oh come on girls. The way you girls dress, I can only imagine how much you're really asking for it." Henry said with a vicious smirk looking all the girls over. Patrick looked down at me.

"So? Are you still pure or has someone leaked your blood all over their dick?" Patrick asked and I scoffed some only to notice attached to the ceiling above, hiding in the darkness, was a very angry Pennywise, his eyes deep and wild as his lips were curled in a sadistic snarl. I couldn't help but chuckle though and look at Patrick.

"Well I do have a red balloon tattooed on my mon pubis... my pubic area for you not so smart boys," I teased glancing at Henry who glared in disgust of me. I smirked at Patrick, "and I am pretty sure who ever thrusts enough may just see it pop." Patrick looked shocked at first before smiling goofily and laughing lowly.

"Oh you just keep pulling me in." he said. Greta looked at me in shock.

"You have a tattoo? Oh my god, when and how did your dad let you get a tattoo down there?" she gushed. I smirked.

"What daddy doesn't know will not hurt him." I said innocently. It was true. I did have a tattoo beneath my panties covered by a small patch of black curls. That was Pennywise's mark and it hurt for weeks. It was his way of having fun with my body if he couldn't take my virginity. The high-pitched whistle of our coach caught our attention.

"Hockstetter, Voight, break it up. You want to make out do it off school grounds!" he yelled. Patrick rolled his eyes and looked down at me gently running his hand over my stomach.

"Until next time then, Camillllla." he said moving off me and leaving with Henry and the others.

"What the hell do you even see in her kind?" Henry whispered at him and I just smirked and sat up watching them leave. Once school was over with, and I was dropped off, I looked in my window to see more

red balloons, only this time they were floating out and up into the sky. I looked around wondering if anyone else could see what I was seeing. My dad's car isn't in the driveway so I knew he would be gone for a bit longer. I entered the house and immediately, the air was thicker and tense. I moved toward my room and opened the door before suddenly jumping and gasping.

"What are you doing!" I yelled covering my face some. Pennywise was sprawled out on my bed only this time naked, pale white flesh illuminating my room. He was definitely hung and his eyes were foggy and pale.

"Your hormones must be flaring from that little display earlier." he said in a low sensual tone. I looked through my fingers at him but kept hiding my eyes every time I saw his cock pulsing between his legs. "This is what females like right? Their mates waiting for them?"

"W-why are you so big?" I stuttered and he bounced into the air and lied on his stomach.

"You know the saying, the bigger the better. I have been around for hundreds of years, buttercup. I have seen many mating rituals and know what is desirable. You were ready to give yourself to that human boy earlier. I figured this is your way of telling me you're ready for every... inch... of me. I figured, you were ready for me to pop your balloon." he purred darkly, eyes intensifying on me in ways I was not ready for. I stammered in my words taking deep breaths and removing my hands.

"My hormones are not "flaring" I am not ready to mate." I said. Now his demeanor changed and his eyes widened.

"What?" he growly suddenly lifting into the air and standing before me. I whimpered as he was so close, his cock was just pressing into me. Pennywise leaned into me smelling all around me and he leaned back crossing his arms.

"You are misleading me." he said angrily and I glanced down at his thighs, watching as his cock began to slowly descend back in between an opening between his legs. Is that really how he did that? I shook my head remembering what he said. I looked up at him.

"I am not misleading, you assumed. Maybe I am trying to figure out what type of demonic creature I want to be when the time comes. Maybe I want to lure men in, fuck them and then kill them." I said. Pennywise tilted his head some.

"Fuck?" he asked. I sighed and looked down.

"It is slang for sex." I said and before I knew it, I found myself pinned to my bed with a seething Pennywise on top of me.

"You are not going to do that with any creature on this rock!" he snarled. My heart was beating fast as I heard his command.

"I am still human I want to experienced what I want before I become what you are. Can I not even have that? It will not mean anything." I snapped and his numerous rows of teeth slowly hid away in his mouth. Now he looked puzzled and then calm as he sat up and pulled me onto his lap.

"Hm. I guess I cannot deprive my flower of her basic human urges." he said gently raising my hand and running his long tongue across my palm. I winced feeling a small shiver come over me. "I guess it is not fair for me to have my fun and expect you follow my every command." His eyes looked at me sharply now.

"I have always followed your commands." I said and he gave a wicked smile

"I guess you have." he said before humming a happy tune to himself. "Let's see how good you are at manipulation then. That scrawny human wants to pop your balloon. He can, but then I get to make him float." I tensed at his words before pouting.

"Or... I will bring you a child." I negotiated and his eyes sparkled at my words.

3. Chapter 3

3

"You would do that!" Penny asked excitedly and I sighed and nodded.

"Yes. This one time I will bring you a child." I said and he gave a childlike giggle before his tongue stretched out and licked my cheek hard causing my cheek to push upward.

"I like em young! I like em scared!" he said as if reminding me. I nodded.

"Of course. I remember." I replied. He jumped off the bed twisting his body three times before his legs twisted and he was up right.

"When will you do it?" he asked and I just gave a small smile.

"You'll know. It'll be in the forest. Give me some time to find a child." I said and he pranced around in a circular motion before jumping up and landing before me.

"So proud of my little buttercup." he said booping my nose before the sound of my father's car doors shutting made us both look up. We both looked up and Penny just lied back on his back and began to slide beneath my bed. "Until next time." I was glad he was gone, for I needed time to think. Bring him a kid? That would mean luring a child a way, kidnapping him or her and leading her to her death.

"God dammnit Mavis, you need to keep your kids under control!" I heard my father yelling.

"Hey you mind your damn business, Lucius!"

I moved over to my window to see my dad nose to nose with Mavis Dinkley, single mother and crack head. She has four boys, one is away at college, two of them are the twelve-year-old trouble makers and the last one, is eight. I stared at the raven-haired boy who was standing behind his mother and I knew, he would be the one. After I washed up and ate dinner with my dad, I looked over some school work before heading to bed.

The next day, I was getting dressed. I wore a red skirt and black tank with some sandals. I grabbed my bag and said by to my father.

"Baby girl, what's with all these dresses and skirts, you ain't ever hear of pants!" he called from the kitchen.

"I am a blossoming woman Dad!" I replied.

"Yeah don't remind me!" he said and I left the house and began to walk down to the end of the drive way.

"Hi Camilla!" I heard raven-haired Jeffery call. I look at him and see he's standing on the porch in just his underwear.

"Jeff, shouldn't you be getting ready for school?" I asked and he shook his head.

"Momma's asleep, she's been taking her special medicine. So I guess I don't have to go to school today!" he said happily. I just nodded and smiled.

"Cool. We should hang out sometime." I said and he just grinned wider.

"Yeah!" he said. First period was pretty straight forward. We watched a science movie and then Mrs. Downey had a discussion about it. After that, I was on my way to my next class which was Algebra, but unfortunately our teacher Mr. Wahlberg was out sick so I had a free period. Since I couldn't find Greta or her followers I decided to go to the library. I was in the back walking through the book aisles hoping to find something poetry related. The lights were off on this side as well, blown out from being on for so long. I was instructed not to stay back here for too long. So I was doing a lot of squinting to find a book, when suddenly a hand just ran right across my bottom.

My mind told me it was Pennywise so I whipped around quickly.

"Have you lost your-" but a warm hand covering my mouth made me pause and I was stunned to see who it was. His hand slowly slid from my mouth and down to my neck. "Patrick, what are you doing here?" I was now harshly whispering. His hand was gently massaging my neck before it moved further south and his hand attempted to cup my

left breast.

"What are you doing?" I whispered against moving further into the book cases which made him only press further against me.

"I want to see your balloon." he said and I gave him a dumb look.

"Really? Such a guy." I responded now feeling his hand try and cup my crotch and I swatted his hand away. He faked a pout.

"Oh come on Camilla, you were the one gloating about it. I just want a peak and who knows maybe we can fool around too. You know you want to." he said. Oh the peer pressure was real. "Unless you're lying." I scoffed.

"I am not lying. I don't have to prove anything to you." I said and he tilted his head.

"Pleeease." he said and I stared up at him for a moment thinking of his words. This would be the perfect practice for me. Starting out small trying to work my way into being the most seductive and dangerous creature until Pennywise turns me. I take the hem of my skirt and began to lift it up causing his eyes to widen in excitement.

"Fine you can look. Hurry up." I said and he looked around for a split second before moving down onto his knees. I swallowed some and watched as he took hold of my hips gently massaging them before his fingers curled around my panties and slowly he pulled them down. I inhaled some as I felt warm fingers touch my pubic area and his fingers gently pushed my curls.

"Oh wow." he said mesmerized, as I was sure he had found my red balloon. I watched him for a second as his thumb gently ran over the blood red mark. "Did it hurt?" I just nodded.

"Yes, for a little bit." I said and Pennywise made me feel better by licking over it about a thousand times like my vagina was a wounded animal. "Okay are you done?"

"Not in the least." he said almost evilly and before I could process what he meant, his face plants itself right into me. I gasp and quickly cover my mouth.

"What are you doing?" I whisper harshly feeling his tongue find its way to my clit. I immediately shivered and stilled my body as I felt my arms slowly start to shake. He starts flicking the tip of his tongue against me and I began to gently pant. I let go of my skirt and grip the book shelf. My mind was a blur it felt, I could hardly think. Patrick uses this time to part my legs further and starts to lick long wet lines up and down my virgin hole.

"P-Patrick stop." I whimper.

"But you've already become so wet." he mutters and I shut my eyes feeling his hand raise my leg to rest on his shoulders. My body was tingling a bit, feeling the same shivers I felt when Pennywise licked at my bloody balloon. However, he never reached to my vagina itself. He had no reason to think his tongue could bring me such pleasure so all the while I was feeling these new sensations and feelings with him, Patrick was now bringing it all to life. "Yes, I like it when you squirm." I shivered at his words, my chest moving out and back from the quiet panting I was doing. I couldn't believe this was happening, in the library no less. I assumed Patrick was just being a pervert, saying things to try and freak me and the girls out.

"You're really wet now. Does the thought of you getting eaten out in such a public place get you hot?" he asked before continuing to lick and suck some more on my wet folds. I opened my eyes now, everything a blur.

"Shit." I whispered feeling his tongue move into my small entrance.

"Oh I love virgins." he said and now my toes were curling as I felt my insides tingling.

"St-stop it feels weird." I said.

"Good weird or bad weird?" he asks almost with a hint of concern and I swallow some before looking down at him.

"Good weird." I answer and he smirks and keeps going.

"Good girl." he said and as I am processing his tongue, I feel a warm finger start to prod my clit a bit before it moves to replace the tongue

entering me. I shook my head.

"No." I whisper afraid and he looks up at me for a second.

"Relax, it's okay." he said gently placing his finger against my entrance and slowly pushing forward. I shut my eyes telling myself to relax my muscles, but my body rejected my thoughts. My walls clamped down on his finger like a mouse trap and he gave a low chuckle.

"Oh you're really tight." he said before continuing to push his finger deeper and deeper. My stomach tightened in pain and I started to panic.

"Stop." I said, my tone begins to grow louder in pain. Patrick paused and slowly removed his finger.

"Okay okay." he said before replacing his face back between my legs. I feel his tongue yet again and I close my eyes in relief. My body adjusted yet again and the tingling came back and this time there was mild throbbing and I started to feel good. This was a new feeling entirely, a feeling I really liked. I feel Patrick start sucking on my clit and I bite my lip feeling something happening. Was this climaxing? Cumming as I have heard some of the kids around school use.

"Patrick... I'm- I'm gonna cum." I reply feeling my walls ringing now.

"Yeah you are." he said breathlessly licking with even more determination and I feel my body tighten up before I am engulfed in pure bliss and ecstasy and I cover my mouth hard as I moan out. My brain is fuzzy and I feel my walls just twitching from the pleasure. Patrick stands up and I noticed the impressive hard on sticking out of his pants and I look at him to see how dark his eyes were. He just lets his body push into mine and I press my hands to his chest for a moment feeling his hard on against my thigh.

"I'm going to leak your blood all over my dick." he says darkly. Before I could even remember his statement from yesterday, his mouth harshly devoured mine, tongue shooting into my mouth claiming everything inside my moist cavern.